

Women Airforce Service Pilots

WASP WWII



WASP SONGS



ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Introductory narrative by Chuck Yeager, Brig Gen, USAF Retired. Twenty-two choral renditions by the WASP. Harmony by the contempos directed by Zelna Snyder. Background music by Tony Kazane and guitar accompaniment by WASP Dorothy Swain Lewis. Concept, narrative and production direction by WASP Betty Jane Williams. Production courtesy of Sound Marketing & Abby Tape Duplicators of Chatworth, California.

The words, both in song and narration, give a rare insight into military life as lived by the WASP. Tape includes brief history, customs and WASP traditions.

**Printed by WASP WWII Stores
January 1996**

Buckle Down, Fifinella

(Tune: Buckle Down Winsocki)

**Buckle down, Fifinella, Buckle down,
You can win, Fifinella, if you'll buckle down,
You can really fly, if you'll only try,
Take it way up high and bring it down.**

**Six to go, Fifinella, don't be slow,
Stay an eager beaver, you'll be in the show.
Don't get in a spin, take it on the chin,
and you're bound to win,
If you will only buckle down.**

**If you fight, your luck will not retreat,
If you work you'll overcome defeat,
Buckle down, Fifinella, buckle down,
Don't you frown, Fifinella,
You'll get off the ground.
We'll count every day and we'll make it pay,
For we're here to stay,
Because we're gonna buckle down!**

Roll Out the Airplanes!

(Tune: Roll Out the Barrel)

**Roll out the airplanes,
We've got a big job to do,
Roll out the airplanes
Hurry so we can get through!**

**We'll practice sequence
When we go up every day,
Just so we can ferry airplanes
For the U. S. A.!**

GEE MOM, I WANT TO GO HOME

**The coffee that they give us they say is very fine
It's good for cuts and bruises, and tastes like iodine,
I don't want no more of army life, Gee, Mom, I want to go home.**

**The doughnuts that they give us they say are very fine,
One fell off the table and killed a pal of mine,
I don't want no more of army life, Gee, Mom, I want to go home.**

**The Army cots they give us they say are very fine,
They're not for beauty resting, but straightening of the spine,
I don't want no more of army life, Gee, Mom, I want to go home.**

**The zoot suits that they give us they say are mighty fine,
You keep right on marching, and they move along behind,
I don't want no more of army life, Gee, Mom, I want to go home.**

**The airplanes that they give us they say are mighty fine,
The darn things can't shoot stages, they will not hit the line,
I don't want no more of army life, Gee, Mom, I want to go home.**

**The quizzes that they give us, they say are mighty fine,
We never know the answers, we're mixed up all the time,
I don't want no more of army life, Gee, Mom, I want to go home.**

**The typhoid shots they give us will make us all immune,
They stick a needle in us and knock us out 'till June,
I don't want no more of army life, Gee, Mom, I want to go home.**

**But Momma, dear, the truth is, we know it's mighty fine,
We love it all, no kidding, we think it is sublime,
We still want some more of Army live,
No Mom, we're not coming home**

GOIN' BACK TO WHERE I COME FROM

I'm goin' back to where I come from
Where the honeysuckle smells so sweet
It darn near makes you sick.
I usta think my life was hum-drum,
But I sure have leared a lesson that is bound to stick.
There ain't no use in my pretending',
But the city just ain't no place
For a gal like me to end in.

I crawled away from every check ride,
Hurdled all the tees and stages,
Got with instruments and gages.
RONs were mighty pleasant
And our navigating efforts were a sight to see.
**DEW DE DEW DEW DEW DEW DEW DEW DEW
DEW DO DO DO.**

There ain't no use in my pretending'
That the Army is the proper place,
For a gal like me to end in.
I'm going back to where I come from,
But I'll have my silver wings and Santiago Blues.
**DEW DE DEW DEW DEW DEW DEW DEW
DEW DO DO DO.**

When I grow old and have a grandon,
I'll tell him I flew and watch his eyes bug out.
And you can bet that he'll believe me,
And he'll do the same dern thing
When he grows up, no doubt.
That's how it goes. That's how it should be.
Cause he got it from his grandma...**HE WAS BORN
TO FLY!**
**DEW DE DEW DEW DEW DEW DEW DEW
DEW DO DO DO,**

I'M A FLYING WRECK

(Words by: Thelma Bryan 43-W-5)

I'm a flying wreck a riskin' my neck
and a helluva pilot too!
A helluva, helluva, helluva,
Helluva, helluva pilots, too!
Like all the jolly good flyers,
The gremlins treat me mean,
I'm a flying' wreck, a riskin' my neck
For the good ole 318th.

If I had a PT sir, I'd paint it blue and gold,
I'd take it up 5000 feet and make the damned thing
roll!
Oh, if I had a PT, sir, I'd fly it off in the sky,
I'd circle over Germany and spit in the Fuehrer's eye!

If I had a civilian check, I'll tell you what I'd do,
I'd pop the stick and break his neck
And probably get a "U",
If I had an Army ride, I'd take off without my flaps,
And show him that an easier job
Would be over fightin' Japs!

When the General comes, Sir,
To view us in our drill,
We'll do a four wings march, Sir,
And check out o'er the hill,
And when he call "ATTENTION",
We'll click our heels and yell,
"I'm just a raw civilian, sir,
And you can go to HELL".

And when the course is over,
We won't be good at all,
We'll dine and date in every state
And bathe in alcohol,
And when vacation's over,
Of course, we'll all be late,
It'll take six months of LaRue's stuff
To get us back in shape.

Yankee Doodle Pilots

**We are Yankee Doodle Pilots
Yankee Doodle, do or die!
Real, live nieces of our Uncle Sam,
Born with a yearning to fly.**

**Keep in step to all our classes
March to flight line with our pals.**

**Yankee Doodle came to Texas
Just to fly the PT's!
We are those Yankee Doodle Gals.**

THE MESS HALL SONG

(Tune: "Long, Long Trail A-winding")

**There's a long long trail a-winding
Up to the mess hall each day.
We tramp that never ending road
Three times a day.
When the long platoon has halted
That's when we all comprehend,
No matter where we're standing
They peel off from the other end.**

**There's a long, long line a-waiting
A-waiting patiently to eat
We only stand an hour or so
Upon our weary feet.
When at last we get to dining
We're all so tired, we're just all in.
Then comes the call that drives us crazy,
"Everybody, fall in!"**

YOU'LL GO FORTH

(Tune: Dig Your Grave With a Silver Spade)

You'll go forth from here with your silver wings
You'll go forth from here with your silver wings
Santiago blue and a heart that sings
'Cause you ain't gonna be here no longer.

Leave your h.p. tricks to the babes in '6'
Leave your h.p. tricks to the babes in '6'
Leave your big city tricks to the gals in the sticks--
'Cause you ain't gonna be here no longer.

You can leave all the drillin' to the W-5 chillun
You can leave all the drillin' to the W-5 chillun
You can leave LaRue's killin' to the gals still willin'
'Cause you ain't gonna be here no longer.

Leave your instrument lore to poor W-4
Leave your instrument lore to poor W-4
You can leave all the links with their gadgets galore
'Cause you ain't gonna be here no longer.

You can leave PT to poor W-3
You can leave PT to poor W-3
You can leave all the cricks from the neck to the knee
'Cause you ain't gonna be here no longer.

Leave your cross-country buzzin' to your W-2 cousin
Leave your cross-country buzzin' to your W-2 cousin
Leave the hedge-hopping fun that was W-1
'Cause you ain't gonna be here no longer.

You'll go forth from here with your silver wings
You'll go forth from here with your silver wings
Santiago blue and a heart that sings
'Cause you ain't gonna be here no longer.

THE ARMY AIR CORPS SONG

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high into the sun;
Here they come, zooming to meet our thunder,
At 'em , boys! Give 'er the gun! Give 'er the gun!
Down we dive, spouting our flames from under,
Off with one helluva roar.
We live in fame, go down in flame,
Nothing will stop the Army Air Corps!

Here's a toast to the host of those who love the vastness of the sky
To a friend we will send a message of his brother men who fly
We drink to those who gave their all of old.
Then down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold
A toast to the host of men we boast, the Army Air Corps.

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder,
Sent it high into the blue;
Hands of men blasted the world asunder;
How they lived, God only knew.
Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer,
Gave us wing ever to soar.
With scouts before and bombers galore,
Nothing will stop the Army Air Corps!

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Keep the wings level and true.
If you'd live to be a gray-haired wonder,
Keep your nose out of the blue!
Flying men guarding our nation's border,
We'll be there followed by more.
In echelon we carry on.
Nothing'll stop the Air Corps now!

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